

SPENSER'S
FAIRY QUEEN

ATTEMPTED IN
BLANK VERSE,

WITH
NOTES, Critical and Explanatory.

"Spenser's Poetry is the careless exuberance of a warm imagination and a strong sensibility: he wrote rapidly from his own feelings which at the same time were naturally noble. Elizabeth in his Poem would have been like the cornice which a Painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso. Spenser's beauties are like the flowers in Paradise."

WARTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. and J. EGERTON, Charing Cross ;
and S. BLADON, Paternoster Row.

MDCCLXXXIII.

S P E N S E R ' S

FAIRY QUEEN

ATTEMPTED IN

BLANK VERSE



NOTES, CHIEFLY

1620
The first edition of this work was printed in the year 1620, and was dedicated to the Queen. It was a very rare book, and was sold for a high price. The second edition was printed in the year 1625, and was also dedicated to the Queen. It was a very rare book, and was sold for a high price. The third edition was printed in the year 1630, and was also dedicated to the Queen. It was a very rare book, and was sold for a high price.

WATSON.

L O N D O N :
Printed for T. and J. BARNES, Cornhill, 1825.
and S. BARNES, Paternoster Row.

MCCLELLAN.

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sometimes laid aside for a considerable time,

has yet been occasionally revised, and has

upon the whole cost the transposer more

INTRODUCTION.

Monthly Reviews are carefully removed.

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1774, thus expressed their opinion of the

first canto: "This work we are informed

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and by dividing it of its numerous lines

into and obolus files, which prove easier

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only

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 " artificial structure of Spencer's stanzas into
 " easy

“ easy and agreeable versification ; what the
 “ Fairy Queen loses of the grotesque in this
 “ transmutation, is amply compensated by
 “ the facility with which it will now be
 “ understood ; for at the same time that the
 “ verse is modernized, the imagery and sen-
 “ timents are preserved.”

Should this really be the case, and should
 the beauties of this antient poem appear more
 obvious to many readers by being thus mo-
 dernized, the transposer will have the satis-
 faction to recollect that his labors have not
 been wholly useless, and he will trust to the
 candor of those who prefer Spencer in his
 original dress, for a favorable reception of
 this well meant performance.

The whole of this work will be comprized
 in sixteen numbers, and will be published
 with

with all convenient speed; should this first
number meet with a moderate share of en-
couragement, is simply commensurate with
the facility with which it will now be
A short account of the Life of Spenser
will be subjoined to the last number.

Should this be the case, and should
the business of this number appear more
obvious to many readers by being thus mo-
derated, the number will have the satis-
faction to reflect that its labors have not
been wholly wasted, he will truly to the
credit of those who prefer Spenser in his
original dress, for a favorable reception of
this well merited performance.

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with

SPENSER'S

SPENSER'S

FAIRY-QUEEN.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed.—*Invocation.*—*Knight of the Red-cross, or Holiness.*—*His Embassy.*—*Description of Una, or Truth, A Storm.*—*A neighbouring Wood.*—*The Den of Error.*—*Error described.*—*The Knight combats her, and gains the Victory.*—*Meets Hypocrisy disguised, turns aside with him.*—*The House of Sleep and Morpheus.*—*Hypocriſt's Attempts to deceive the Knight and miſrepreſent Truth.*

NO more my Muſe her ſhepherd's weeds ſhall
wear,
But change her oaten-pipe for trumpets loud,
And ſing of noble deeds which long have ſlept;
Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall grace my ſong;

VOL. I.

B

Come,

Come, Holy Virgin! chiefeft of the Nine, 5
 Affist my genius and inspire my theme :
 Unfold th' eternal records, which lie hid,
 Of Fairy Knights and faireft Tanaquil,

Whom

V. 5. *Come, Holy Virgin!* &c.] Spenser invocates Calliope, chief of the nine; or rather Clio, the Patroness of Heroic Poetry, whom he invokes, B. iii. C. iii. at the beginning.

Memor incipe, Clio,

Sæcula te quoniam penes et digesta vetustas.

I. OTWAD. I. STANB. 630.

Which muse he supposes to possess the true records of Fairy Knights, and the Fairy Queen, whom Prince Arthur (the British Prince) having seen in a vision, is now seeking, being set out on his adventures (see Canto the ixth of this book) though this book begins with the exploits of one of the Knights (St. George.) As this Poem is wholly allegorical, with a mixture of historical allusions, in the person of Prince Arthur is imaged magnificence; and as this hero mixes in the adventures of the other knights, so should magnificence be joined with every other virtue. As all splendid and magnificent institutions among the Britons were by romance writers ascribed to Prince Arthur, so Chaucer, page 330, Urry's edit.

Or of Cæton the foresight and providence,
 Conquest of Charles, Arctures magnificence.

And as the great figure, which the Earl of Leicester made in the Low Countries, added to his being a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, made him be called Arthus of Britain (see Holinshed, page 1426) it is highly probable Spenser meant by Prince Arthur to pourtray his friend and benefactor the Earl of Leicester. (See also Lydgate's Traged. of Bochas, B. viii. C. xxv.)

The Fairy Queen, (Queen Elizabeth) called also Tanaquil, Gloriana, and Polypheme, represents true glory, which the hero

Can. I. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN. 3

Whom that fain'd British Prince * so long had
fought;

And for whose sake he such great dangers brav'd

And thou most dreaded offspring of high Jove, 11

Son of fair Venus, who with cruel dart

Pierc'd that good Knight (the Hero of my Song)

And kindled in his breast a glorious fire;

Oh lay aside thy deadly bow, and bring 15

Thy mother mild, with all her nameless charms;

And Mars triumphant, late imbrued in blood;

But now in loves and jollities array'd:

So shall the greatest Lady of this land,

Who shines like Phœbus' lamps throughout the

world,

Deign audience awhile, and raise my thoughts

By her commanding presence to the type,

The glorious type of which too weak I sing. 20

is pursuing. Tanaquil was a Roman dame, of high spirit wife
of Tarquinus Priscus. Sometimes Spenser calls his Fairy
Queen by this name, and makes her daughter of Oberon,
(H. viiith) the mighty king of Fairy land: Gloriana is her
allegorical name, as she represents true glory: and Belphebe,
as a virgin, from Diana the Goddess of Chastity, who is called
Phœbe. It may be repeated, that the Poem does not open with
Prince Arthur, who is seeking the Fairy-Queen, but with St.
George, the Knight of the Red Cross, who is coming from
her court in pursuit of his quest. Arthur is not introduced till
his presence is wanted, see Canto vii. of this book.

* Prince Arthur.

B 2

A gentle

A gentle Knight was riding on the plain,
 In mighty arms and silver shield array'd, 25
 Wherein appear'd old dints of deepest wounds;
 His angry steed chiding the foaming bit
 Disdain'd the curb, a valiant Knight he seem'd,
 For noble deeds and fierce encounters form'd;
 Upon his breast he bore a bloody cross, 30
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 Whom he ador'd as living evermore;
 The mark adorn'd his shield, emblem of hope
 Which in HIS help he had: in deed and word
 Faithful he prov'd; and tho' he oft seem'd fad, 35

V. 24. *A gentle Knight, &c.*] The name and lineage of this Knight is more particularly mentioned in Canto the xth of this first book, latter end. He was sent by the Fairy Queen, at the request of Una, a king's daughter, to slay a monstrous dragon, which harra's'd her father's kingdom.

V. 25. *In mighty arms, &c.*] See Ephesians the viib, where the Christian armour is described at large.

V. 26. *Wherein appear'd old dints, &c.*] These old dints have been made in the various combats with the great enemy, as this means the armour of every Christian man. So Milton, B. xii. 490.

To guide them in all truth, and also arm
 With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts.

These also were the arms which Michael wore when he routed the great dragon, that dragon figuratively which this Knight is going to attack, Revel. xii. 9. and in this armour Milton dresses the Messiah, B. vi. 760.

He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended

He

Can. I. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN?

3

He nothing fear'd, but dreaded was by all: 10
Bound on a mighty enterprize, conferr'd
By Gloriana, queen of fairy-land;
He long'd to prove his valour on his foe
A Dragon horrible: beside him rode 40
A virtuous Lady on a snow-white ass;
Herself much fairer; veil'd her beauties were,
And cover'd with a mourning robe, as one
That inly pin'd from some corroding woe:
A milk-white lamb she led, that emblem seem'd 45
Of her pure self; descended from old kings
That late had stretch'd their sceptres o'er the world,
Till that foul fiend sore ravag'd all the land,
And cast them out from all their old domains:
Them to avenge, this Knight from far she brought,
And him compell'd with the constraints of virtue 51
To rid her of her foe: behind her far
Her lazy dwarf oft lagg'd, and weary seem'd:
When lo the day was suddenly o'ercast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain 55
So swiftly pour'd into his lover's lap,
That ev'ry traveller a shelter sought.

V. 41. *A virtuous Lady, &c.*] This Lady is Una, in whom is shadowed Christian truth "in the unity of the faith." The ass is an emblem of humility, as the lamb is of innocence. She mourn'd for her parent's misfortunes, which this Knight is to redress, but lays aside her mourning when married to the Red-cross Knight.

Not distant far they spied a shady grove,
 Whose lofty trees, bedeck'd with summer's pride,
 Were spread so broad they hid the light of heaven,
 And shut out ev'ry star: soon they arriv'd, 61
 And ent'ring in sound num'rous winding ways,
 With footing worn, and leading inward far;
 So on they pass'd, pleas'd with the harmony
 Of various birds that shelter'd from the storm, 65
 And seem'd in song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much did they praise the trees so straight and tall,

The
 [V. 59. *Whose lofty trees, &c.*] The allegory continues, and this seems to allude to the Wilderness of Life, with its amusements and deviations. So Horace and Dante apply the similitude.

[V. 67. *Much did they praise, &c.*] See Dryden's *Virgil*, *Æneis*, Book vi. 263.

An ancient wood they found, the axe is ply'd,
 Firs, pines and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.

And Book xi. 205.

Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound,
 Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the ground,
 Firs fall from high, and some the trunks receive
 In loaded wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And Homer, Il. xxiii. 146, &c.

Loud sounds the axe redoubling strokes on strokes,
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
 Headlong, deep-echoing groan the thickets brown,
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

See Pope's Note on the above passage. How chaste and short is Milton, *Par. Lost*. Book iv. 137.

Insuperable

The sailing pine, the cedar's tow'ring top,

B 4

The

Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

See also Tasso, *Gierul. Liberat. Canto iii. St. 75, 76.*

Lucan is very short in his description of the trees which Cæsar ordered to be cut down in the grove of Marseilles, *L. iii. 449.* As to Statius, *Theb. vi. 98.* he plainly had Ovid in his eye, who describes the various trees assembled on the Mount of Thrace to hear the music of Orpheus. See *Or. Met. lib. x. fab. 2.* See also Claud. *De Rapt. Proserp. iii. 107.* and Creon's Description of trees of Seneca. It may be observed that Spenser's Description is not, like some, (the last for instance) inapt and ill-timed, but particularly consistent and necessary, because the beauty of this grove tended to draw the Knight and Una farther and farther into the shade, till they came imperceptibly to the cave of Error, which stood in the thickest part of it.

The elegant translator of Tasso (Fairfax) had this passage of Spenser plainly in view, as well as his original:

Downe came the sacred palmes, the ashes wilde,
The funerall cipresse, holly ever greene,
The weeping firre, thicke beech, and sailing pine,
The married elme fell with his fruitful vine;
The shewter eugh, the broad leav'd hcamore,
The barren platane, and the wall-nut found,
The myrrhe, that her foul sin doth still deplore;
The alder——

And Chaucer, in the *Assemble of Foules*, seems to have led the way:

The bilder oke, and eke the hardie ashe,
The piller elme, the rosser unto caraine,
The box-pipe-tree, holme to whippes lashe,
The sailing firre, the cipress death to plaine,
The shooter ewe, the ashe for shaftes plaine,

The

The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, (the sov'reign of the woods) 70
 The aspine smooth, the cypress funeral,
 The laurel, crown of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow worn by disappointed love,

The olive of peace, and eke the drunken vine,
 The victor palme, the laurèr to divine.

Take also the following from the *Knights's Tale*, Urry's edit. 3921.

But how the fire was makid up on hight,
 And eke the namys how the treis hight,
 As oke, firr, birch, asp, aldir, elm, poplere,
 Willow, holm, plane, ash, box, chessen, lynde, laurere,
 Maple, thorn, beche, ewe, hasel, whipul-tree;
 How they were feld shall not be told for me.

I hope the ingenious reader will readily pardon this long note,
 as many more quotations might be adduced.

V. 69. *The vine-prop elm, &c.*] The elm that supports the vine.

Hic pampinus induit ulmas.

Claud. De Rapt. Prof. ii. 111.

Et amictæ vitibus ulmi.

Ov. Met. x. 100.

They led the vine

To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms

Par. Lost, v. 213.

V. 72. *The laurel, &c.*] Statius Achil. i. 15.

*Cui geminae florent vatunque ducumque
 Certatim laurus.*

And

And oft by genius : the obedient yew, 75
 The birch for shafts, the fallow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nought unfit,
 The fruitful olive, and the round platane,
 The carver holme, the maple seldom found. 80
 Delighted thus they still beguil'd their way
 Until the storm was o'er, then sought return,
 But sought in vain, so num'rous were the paths :
 At length amidst the woods most deep recess
 A cave they spy'd, 'twas Error's hateful den, 85
 Which well the Lady knew, and to avoid
 Advis'd the Knight, but he unaw'd, reply'd,
 Eternal shame I ever should deserve
 Now to recede, Virtue has light within,

Suf-

V. 75. ——— *The obedient yew :*] Virgil. G. ii. 448.

——— *Iuræque taxi torquentur in arcus.*
 Our forefathers, so famous for their skill in shooting, made use
 of this tree for bows,

V. 77. *The myrrb, &c.*] Milton says, it "weeps odorous
 gums and balms;" and Ovid's Met. x. 500, relating the fable
 of Myrrha and her transformation:

Flet tamen, et tepidae manent ex arbore guttæ.

And Chaucer in the Complaint of the Black Knight, 66.

So bitter teris wept not, as I finde,
 The woful myrrhe through the barke and rinde.

V. 78. *The warlike beech, &c.*] The war chariots were
 made of beech, and sometimes the buckler.

V. 89. ——— *Virtue has light within, &c.*] Milton seems
 to have an eye to this in his Comus, when he says

Virtue

Sufficient to illume her guiltless breast,
Amidst the thickest darkness Vice can form.

Then ent'ring in with haste, his shining armour
Caus'd a small glimm'ring light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light, tho' sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

V. 92. *Then ent'ring in, &c.* This is our hero's first adventure—and, to distinguish the Spirit of Truth from the Spirit of Error, is the chief aim of every wise man, considering particularly how liable he is to fraud and imposture, especially in the earlier period of life. Error is the offspring of Night and Erebus, and is mentioned as such with other imps in Seneca, *Hercules Fur.* v. 98.—her tail pointed with mortal sting is taken from Rev. ix. 7, "and there were stings in their tails," and Prov. xxiii. 32, "it stingeth like an adder." Spenser certainly had Dante in view here. Fraud, says Boccace, *Geneal. Lib. i. C. 21.* is the daughter of Erebus and Night; as Cicero observes (*De Natura Deor.* lib. iii. 17.) Her form and shape Dante thus describes: her face is a human face, but the rest of her body is serpentine; she is variously spotted all over, and her tail is pointed with the sting of a scorpion; she swims in the waters of Cocytus, so as to be careful to hide all her body, and show nothing but her face. Milton also in his description of Sin, was particularly indebted to our poet, *Book ii. 650.*

The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen.

Half

Half like a serpent, half of woman's shape 96
 Most loathsome to behold; outstretch'd she lay,
 Her huge long tail with many knots upwound
 O'erspread the den, pointed with mortal sting:
 Upon her breasts a thousand young she bore
 Whom she sustain'd each day, various their shapes,
 Yet each appear'd most horrid to the view: 101
 Soon as th' unusual light upon them shone
 They crept into her mouth and kennel'd there:
 At sight of human form their dam rush'd forth,
 Curling her hideous tail around her head, 105
 But swift return'd; for she could ne'er endure
 The smallest gleam of light, which when he saw,
 He flew as lions on their fearful prey,
 Nor suffer'd her retreat: then, much incens'd,
 She roar'd so loud, that all the gloomy cave 110
 Resounded horrible; and turning fierce,
 Advanc'd her speckled tail, threat'ning her sting;
 But he, all undismay'd, up-rais'd his hand
 And from her head unto her shoulder glanc'd:
 At which inrag'd, she leap'd upon his shield 115
 And curl'd her train around him many a fold;
 Now when his Lady saw, she pitying said,
 Soon will your fortitude and grace be prov'd,
 Add faith to force, and be not ought afraid:
 He heard, and all on fire to be unloos'd, 120
 Exerting all his might, he seiz'd her throat,
 And caus'd her soon to quit her devilish hold.

Then

Then from her filthy mouth such poison ran,
 Whole floods of nauseous books and papers vile,
 With loathsome frogs and toads, all wanting
 eyes,

Which forc'd him back, nor could he longer fight:
 Chear'd with success (such chear as can arise
 In spirits debas'd) she pour'd forth her spawn
 Like living creatures on the banks of Nile;
 These clung around the Knight, but hurt him
 not

No more than cumbrous gnats annoy the swain
 Who marks his num'rous flocks at even-tide,
 When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to set in west,
 For soon with clownish hands he strikes them off,
 Marring their murmurs: so this virtuous Knight
 Treated the monsters that from Error sprang,
 And her he smote with more than manly force
 (So GOD him aided) that her head straight fell
 From off her wicked corse, from whence black
 blood

Distain'd the ground; her scatter'd brood flock'd
 round

And sought their wonted entrance; that deny'd,
 They suck'd her blood and thence receiv'd new
 strength;

New strength it seem'd, but death it prov'd to all.

V. 124, 125. *Whole floods, &c.*] Meaning polemical and sophistical divinity, cabalistical and scholastical learning.

This

This virtuous pair then took their lonely way,
 Along the beaten track, nor would they turn
 To the right hand or left; but kept one path,
 Which led them thro' the wood: so on they went,
 Engag'd in fit discourse: at length they met
 An aged man in long black robes array'd,
 His feet all bare, his head all hoary grey, 150
 In sober sadness low he bent his eyes,
 Nor ought malicious seem'd, and praying walk'd:
 To whom the Knight, when salutations o'er,
 Know you of ought that seeks a quick redress?
 Then thus he answer'd, how can ancient man 155
 That all day tells his beads, and fits his soul
 For future scenes, know what afflicts the world?
 Yet can I tell you of a wicked man
 Who wastes the country in a desert wild,
 Far hence he dwells secure; haste then, reply'd
 The virtuous Hero, but his better guide 161

V. 149. *An aged man, &c.*] This is our knight's second adventure, in which he is not so successful as in the former. See Chaucer's *Romant of the Rose*, v. 413. See also Ariosto, lib. ii. st. 12, 13. This old man is Archimago, the grand impostor, the common enemy of Christian knights, emblematically the arch-fiend, the devil who transforms himself into an angel of light; for, according to Milton,

Neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone.

The speeches of this old hypocrite are finely in character, his habitation is beautifully picturesque,

Intreated

Intreated him to rest: tarry all night
 She saith, and on the morrow you shall pass,
 Even the sun that measures heav'n all day
 At night sets up his steeds among the waves. 165

So with this seeming godly man they went,
 To his small cottage, far from mortal foot,
 Nor of his machinations knew they ought:
 A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side, 170
 And near it stood a chapel, where he us'd
 To say his holy things each morn and eve;
 A crystal fountain innocently play'd
 And seem'd to sooth the weary travellers:
 Rest was their feast, and all things at their will,
 (The noblest mind the best contentment has.) 175
 In fair discourse the ev'ning slid away,
 (For the old father's tongue was smooth as glass)
 Of faints and popes he pleasingly convers'd,
 And ave-marias evermore he strew'd: 180
 Then rest they sought, with labour overcome,
 And the sad drowsy humour fill'd their eyes,
 As if the messenger of sleep had thrown

His

V. 165. *At night sets up his steeds, &c.*] Milton has evidently copied this thought, B. v. 423.

————— And at even sups with the ocean.

V. 183. *As if the messenger, &c.*] Morpheus, according to the more modern poets, is the god of sleep, as in Chaucer, whom

His velvet mantle o'er them : to their beds
They each retir'd well pleas'd, mean while their
host

Try'd magic spells to wake black Pluto's dame,
And call'd on Gorgon, prince of shades and night,
At which Styx flees and bold Cocytus quakes:
Nor did he fear to curse the LORD of LIFE.

Then from the dread deep darkness he invok'd
Legions of spirits, which, like little flies
Flutt'ring around him, instant sought his will;
Of these he chose out two, the falsest two,
The one he kept, the other wing'd with speed,
He sent thro' yielding air, and thro' the world

whom Spenser had before him in this beautiful description of
Morpheus's house. Milton seems to have imitated this passage
in *Par. Lost*, iv. 614.

————— The timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids. —————

And in *Il Penseroso*, "the dewy feathered sleep."

V. 187. *And call'd on Gorgon, &c.*] The ancients were su-
perstitiously afraid of uttering the name of Gorgon or Dæmo-
gorgon.

V. 195. *He sent thro' yielding air, &c.*] This is as pictu-
resque a description as any painter or poet could produce; the
whole magical scene is delightful. Milton has borrowed the
196th v.

The rising world of waters dark and deep.

Par. Lost, iii. 11.

See also Virgil, vi. 396.

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

Of

Of waters wide and deep, to Morpheus' house;
Within the earth's deep womb where day ne'er
comes

His dwelling is, where Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and where the moon still sleeps
His ever-drooping head in silver dew,
Whilst baleful night her sable mantle spreads:
The double gates he found fast lock'd and barr'd,

V. 198. *His dwelling is, &c.*] Now the imp arrives at the house of Morpheus. Here Spenser imitates what best suits his subject: when Juno wanted to lull the thunderer to repose, and to prevent him from helping the Trojans, she is thus described:

She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,

And seeks the cave of death's half-brother, sleep;

Sweet-pleasing sleep (Saturnia thus began)

Who spreadst thy empire o'er each god and man—

Il. xiv. 264.

Go bet, quoth Juno, to Morpheus,

Thou know'st him wel, the god of slepe—

This messenger toke leve and wente

Upon his way, and never he stente,

Tyl he came to the darke valey——

Chaucer's Dream, Urry's edit. v. 136. p. 405.

And in the House of Fame, v. 70. p. 458. Urry.

Unto the god of slepe anone,

That dwellich in a cave of stone,

Upon a streame that cometh fro' Lete:

Tethys was the wife of Oceanus, and is used for the ocean.

The

Can. I. SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN. 617

The one fair fram'd of burnish'd ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogs before them watching still
 To banish Care, that enemy to sleep :
 Deep drown'd in deepest sleep he Morpheus finds,
 A trickling stream from high rock falling down
 And ever-drizzling rain upon the top,
 Mixt with a thum'ring wind (like swarming bees)
 For ever lull'd him; noise ne'er enters there;
 But Quiet, wrapp'd in silence, listless lies.

The spirit then in haste his message told,
 But his waste words return'd to him in vain;

V. 203. *The one fair fram'd, &c.*] Hear my dream (says Socrates in Plato's Charmides) whether it comes from the gate of horn, or from the gate of ivory, that is, whether true or false: the poets suppose two gates of sleep, the one of horn, from which true dreams proceed; the other of ivory, which sends forth false dreams: but Spenser very judiciously varies from them, and supposes Archimago not to have access to truth in any shape, much less to those dreams which may be said to come from the throne of Jupiter, but to those only which fill the imagination with vain and distracting images: the gate of horn may be supposed to send forth true dreams from its transparency and simplicity; the gates of ivory, silver, &c. from their gaudy appearance, to send forth fallacious dreams. Spenser makes his gates, one of ivory, and the other of silver.

See Dryden's Virgil, vi. 1235.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn,
 Of polish'd ivory this, and that of horn;
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise,
 Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.

For Morpheus slept as if to wake no more : 215
 At last, as one that dreams, whose brain is tost,
 He mutter'd softly, till he heard the name
 Of Hecate ; then his heavy head 'gan quake
 And hastily he ask'd, what bus'ness caus'd
 Such rude uproar ? Then thus the messenger : 220
 He that the stubborn spirits instant tames,
 By name Archimago, has sent me here,
 And straight commands a dream that can delude
 The sleeper's keenest scent ; a dream most fit
 To lull the ear of virtue, and seduce 225
 The cautious pilgrim to the paths of folly :
 The god obey'd, and straightway call'd a dream
 Out of his darksome den, and gave to him :
 Immediate then reclin'd his drowsy head,
 Sunk, as before, in ever careless sleep. 230
 Swift to his lord the spirit bore the dream
 Upon his little wings, as soars the lark
 To meet heav'n's clearest light : his guileful lord,
 Mean while, with secret charms and hidden wiles,
 Had made a lady of the other spirit, 235
 Of liquid air so delicately form'd
 And lovely to behold, it almost caught

V. 218. *Of Hecate, &c.* See Dryden's *Ving.* Bk. vi. 352.

Invoking *Hecate* hither to repair,
 A powerful name in hell and upper air.

The maker's sense : so worshippers of old
 Ador'd the idol which their hands had made.
 This form he clad in white, and a long robe 240
 Of mournful hue he gracefully bestow'd,
 Most like to virtuous Una it appear'd :
 Now, when the treach'rous dream was to him
 brought,
 He taught the spirit and the new form'd fair
 How to deceive the Knight, who slept secure, 245
 No evil fearing, as intending none:
 His fancy now disturb'd with wanton dreams,
 He thought his Lady at his ear complain'd
 That false wing'd Cupid had subdu'd her heart,
 And made her stubborn virtue almost yield; 250
 And Venus, queen of beauty, there appear'd,
 And all the Graces sung in softest airs,
 And Flora crown'd her with an ivy wreath,

V. 235. *Had made a lady, &c.*] This visionary phantom to resemble Una seems imaged from Homer, Virgil and Tasso.

And in Ariosto, C. ii. S. 12. Angelica meets a hypocritical hermit, who raises a false spirit with a design to deceive Sacrapant and Renaldo, and to exasperate them against Orlando.

Che scontro un' eremita, &c.

But Spenser has greatly improved the hint.

V. 253. *And Flora crown'd, &c.*] Ivy was sacred to Bacchus: it was usual at the festivals to crown with ivy, and to strew flowers, and hang garlands at the doors.

Whilst Hymen, ever youthful, danc'd around:
 He waking soon as one in great amaze, 255
 Saw her whom he esteem'd his sole delight,
 Then thus she said: 'Ah! Sir, my only Lord,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fates
 Of highest heav'n or the blind god of love,
 That thus I tell what else were never known? 260
 How your dear sake forced me at first to leave
 My father's throne;—then, as one choak'd with
 tears,
 Her speech she stopp'd, but soon resum'd her plaint:
 My weaker years, said she, intreat your aid,
 Let me not die with sorrow thus oppress'd: 265
 To whom the Knight with innocence reply'd,
 Why what should now dismay your virtuous mind,
 You that was frequent wont to comfort me?
 Love of yourself, she said, forbids my peace,
 And makes me waste the night in fruitless sighs.

Her words awoke within his candid breast 271
 A strange suspicion of her virgin truth,
 Yet, as he knew no ill, he would not spurn
 Her seeming love, but thus with grace he spoke:

V. 261. *How your dear sake, &c.*] The reader will observe that Una (the true Una) knew not St. George till she came to Fairy court, therefore this is false; and the phantom breaks off abruptly lest she should discover too much, and the whole is finely conducted by the poet.

Let

Can. I. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN. 21

Let not vain fears disturb your wish'd repose, 275
For be assur'd, as life is to my heart
So dear I hold your love, and think myself
Bound to your service by the tenderest ties.
As one not quite content, yet much appeas'd,
Whilst hope fresh dawns upon the troubled mind,
She slid away, as tho' she fought to rest: 281
Long time he mus'd on this adventure strange,
Much griev'd to think her virtue was so weak:
At length in sleep's soft arms he sunk again.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

C 3

SPENSER'S

A knock in sleep's soft arms he took again.
 He started, quick to think his time was to wane;
 Lost time he mused on this solemn thing,
 The life away, as the light to him
 Which hope shed down upon the troubled mind.
 As one not quite content, yet much oppress'd,
 He bent to view his by the remnant lies.
 So dear I hold your love, and think myself
 For be assur'd, as this is to my heart
 Is not vain fear, should your word report.

SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

Hypocrisy's further Attempts against Truth, his Success.—The Knight of the Red-cross fights with Sans-Foy, slays him, and takes Duessa captive.—Her Account of herself. Their Adventures.

NOW when the northern waggoner had set
His seven-fold team behind the stedfast star
That never drank the waves, but, firmly fix'd,
Sends light to all that wander thro' the deep,

V. 1. *Now when the northern, &c.]* The northern waggoner, i. e. Arctophylax, Boötes, or, as he is called in Latin, *Bubalus, plaustrum custos, &c.*—See Ovid's *Met.* x. 446.

*Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones,
Flexerat obliquum plaustrum semine Boötes.*

V. 2. *His seven-fold team, &c.]* The stedfast star means the pole star, or the star in the tail of the lesser bear, called Cynosura.

And the shrill cock had given warning once,
 That Phœbus' fiery car was climbing up
 The eastern hill, in envious haste, to chase
 The shades of night, impatient of her reign;
 Then those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dream, and that illusive form,
 Came to their wicked master, and declar'd
 Their unsuccessful schemes; whereat inrag'd,
 To see the power of worth so far beyond
 His hellish arts, he try'd his wiles again;
 If haply, in some evil-fated hour,
 He might at least delude, if not destroy,

With all the speed that devils use to tempt
 Incautious man, he took that new-made fair,
 And that false other spirit, on whom he spread
 A manly form, of subtle air compos'd;
 These two in secret bed he plac'd, and speeds

V. 6. *That Phœbus' fiery car*, &c.] Fairfax, a great imitator of Spenser, has the same expression, i. 73.

Means while the car that bears the lightning brand,
 Upon the eastern hill was mounted hie.

V. 10. *A manly form*, &c.] The magician having dressed one phantom like Una, now forms another like a young squire, and puts these visionary fiddles in bed together. This illusion seems imitated from the deceptions carried on in the enchanted castle of Atalanta, more particularly where Orlando, after having been deluded with the appearance of a counterfeit Angelica, is made to hear her cry out for his assistance, as if some ruffian was insulting and ravishing her. See Ariosto, C. xii. S. 11.

44A

4 B

To,

To bid the Knight behold their amorous guilt :
 Who, when he saw, too readily believ'd,
 (The eye of reason blinded by fierce rage)
 He purpos'd instant death, had not his host,
 With seeming sorrow, better counsel given :
 Despair and anguish tore his virtuous breast,
 And jealousy, exerting all its pow'r, his
 Held for a while the empire o'er the soul.
 But when discretion somewhat had allay'd
 The storm within, he purpos'd instant flight,
 To seek some constant fair : soon as the star
 Of eve had spent his lamp and dawn appear'd,
 He call'd the dwarf, who instant brought his steed,
 And swiftly took his melancholy way.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Weary of aged Tython's saffron bed,
 Thro' dewy air had spread her purple robe,
 The royal virgin (Una rightly nam'd)
 Shook off soft slumbers to attend her Knight :
 But when she found him not, nor yet her dwarf,
 That constant waited, weeping she pursu'd
 With anxious heart, and all the speed of love :

V. 36. *Now when the rosy finger'd, &c.* Aurora is frequently described leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, and, with her rosy hands, opening the gates of light. See Virg. *id.*

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, &c.

But

Nor

Nor would she rest in hill or shady grove
Without her Lord, yet all her search was vain.

Th' enchanter pleas'd to see his wiles succeed,
Still sought to lead them into farther snares:
The shape assuming of the Red-cross Knight
Whom late he had beguil'd, he clad himself
In mighty arms, and on his coward breast
He bore a bloody cross: so Falsehood oft
Can deck itself in Piety's best guise!
But the true Red-cross Knight, whose form he
took,

Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fears,
Guided by grief, had wand'ring far astray,
And met a faithless Saracen, prepar'd
For fiercest war; upon his shield his name
Sans-Foy was written, anger mark'd his brow,
Nor seem'd he ought to value God or man:
A Lady cloath'd in scarlet, deck'd with gold
And richest pearl, and with a mitre grac'd,
Accompanied this man of pride, and oft
With pleasing dalliance him entertain'd:

V. 59. *Nor seem'd he ought, &c.*] This is the exact picture of the atheistical and giant-like Capaneus in Statius; of Mezentius in Virgil: Boyardo and Ariosto have also their blaspheming Saracens.

V. 60. *A Lady cloath'd, &c.*] This lady is Duessa, double-ness, falsehood, and the scarlet whore in the Revelations.

But

But when she saw the Red-cross Knight advance,
 She ceas'd her play, and thus her man address'd: 65
 See where approaches him whom most I hate,
 My only enemy and greatest plague,
 If ever valour fir'd your noble breast,
 Revenge my cause: elated with success,
 He hop'd to gain his Lady's heart that day, 70
 So fast he spurr'd his speedy courser's side,
 The trickling blood distain'd the parched ground:
 The Red-cross Knight perceiving his great rage,
 For war prepar'd, and soon they furious met:
 Such fury fill'd their breasts, that each amaz'd 75
 At his own might appear'd, and their strong steeds
 Stagger'd beneath the weight of such great ire.

As when two rams, fir'd with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the empire of the bleating flock,
 So fought the Knights, whilst flashing fire flew 80
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
 And streams of blood new-dy'd the verdant meads.
 Curse on that cross (cried the Bold Saracen)
 That keeps thee safely from my bitter ire,
 Or long hadst thou been number'd with the dead:
 Then quick upon his crest, with doubled rage, 86
 He smote so fierce, scarce ought of it remain'd:
 The virtuous Knight now being wondrous wroth,

V. 65. *She ceas'd her play, &c.*] This is to shew the opposition between Falseness and true Holiness.

His

His native worth quick kindling to a flame,
 With steady aim the helmet deep he cleft
 Of that proud Saracen who him defied;
 Cleft thro' the steel, and pierc'd his head so deep
 He fell upon the ground, greeting his grave,
 And in despair and anguish, groaning, dy'd.

Now when the Lady saw her champion fall
 Like the old ruins of a broken tower,
 She instant fled, and after her the Knight,
 Whom when she saw, his favour she implor'd
 With seeming sorrow: Oh, Sir! deign to shew
 Mercy to one whom fortune makes her sport,
 And war has conquer'd to your mighty will!
 Array'd in such rich weeds and glorious shew,
 With bright humility (the best attire!)
 She soon obtain'd her suit, his valiant heart
 Was quickly mov'd, for the success of war
 Ne'er taught the conqueror inhumanity,
 Unless that fate unto a coward fell.
 Her direful tale he bid her then relate,
 And what his name that was so lately slain:
 Immediate she obey'd, dissolv'd in tears,

V. 96. *Like the old ruins, &c.*] See Statius ix. 554.

—*Ruit haud alio quam celsa fragore*

Turris, ubi innumeros penitus quassata per ictus

Labitur, effraetamque operis victoribus urbem.

And

And thus began : The wretched maid who now
 Your captive is, e'er fortune made me so,
 Was, (Oh! what availeth that I was?)
 Born the sole daughter of an emperor,
 Who rules the spacious west where Tiber flows:
 He in my bloom betroth'd me to a prince, 116
 A valiant prince, sole heir of a great king;
 Never was prince so meek, so fair, so wise,
 But, e'er the bridal morn, my hapless lord
 By his accursed foe was basely slain, 120
 And never, while these eyes behold yon sun,
 Can they forget their tribute, hourly paid:
 Nor could I even pay him fun'ral rites,
 Of his blest body by some means depriv'd,
 Long tedious years throughout the world I rang'd,
 A virgin widow, seeking for his corpse, 126
 For love of whom my sorely wounded heart
 Has long time languished as the stricken hind :

V. 113. Was, (O! what availeth that I was?) This is a
 pathetic manner of correcting herself, and frequently used.

Pitum unicum adolescentulum

Habeo—ab! qui dixi habere me? immo habui

Chrems

Terent. Heaut. Act 1.

Vixi: fuimus—fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium.

Virg. ii. 324.

There was, (O seldom blessed word of was!)

Sydn. Arcad. p. 83.

At

At last this proud Sans-Foy I met, whom soon
 Your conqu'ring arm to this dishonour brought;
 By force he led me far, but ne'er could gain
 My heart's consent to his most base desire;
 The eldest of his brethren he, from one
 Bad father bred; the youngest call'd Sans-Joy,
 The other, bloody bold Sans-Loy is nam'd;
 In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,
 The wretched Fideffa intreats your aid
 To whom the Red-cross Knight with grace reply'd,
 Now let your sorrows cease, make me your friend,
 Indeed those sorrows must have made me so.
 So on they rode, till weary of their way,
 They came where two great trees their leaves o'er-
 spread,
 Trembling with ev'ry blast, and form'd a shade;
 Yet did the fearful shepherd flee the place,
 Nor

V. 129. *At last this proud, &c.* All base affections and per-
 turbed and horrid ideas, are according to the poets and mytho-
 logists, offsprings of Darkness or Erebus. Such are these three
 brethren, the Faithless, the Joyless, the Lawless.—Dueffa
 easily inveigles the Knight in the absence of Truth, and tells
 him that she was betrothed to a mighty king, but before she
 could be married, her lord was slain by his enemies.—The al-
 legory, I suppose, is, that the Pope intended to be universal
 bishop over the Greek and Eastern churches, as he was over
 the Western; but before that event happened, they became
 subject to the power and cruelties of the Saracens and Turks.

V. 144. *Yet did the fearful shepherd flee the place,]*

3. q. *Monstræ sylva nefas—*

Non Dryadum placet umbra choris, &c.

Stat. Theb. ii. 519.
 See

Can. II. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN. 31

Nor ever play'd upon his oaten pipe. 145
 In that unhappy ground: but this good Knight
 Sought th' inviting grove, for Phoebus now,
 High-mounted in his flaming car, shot forth
 Such scorching beams no creature could endure,
 And his new fair no longer could sustain. 153
 The vast fatigue: so to the bower they came
 In hopes of shelter from the burning sun,
 Each to the other pleasing prospects gives,
 The brightest fair he fancied her to be,
 And thought to make a garland for her brow, 155
 A bough he pluck'd, when lo! black bloody drops
 Straight trickled down, and thus a doleful voice,

Oh!

See Lucan's Description of the sacred forest of Marcellus, L.
 iii. 402.

There nor the rustick gods, nor satyrs sport,

Nor Fawns and Sylvens with the nymphs resort.

Tasso has imaged his enchanted forest from hence, see Canto xiii.

V. 156. *A bough he pluck'd, &c.*] This wonderful tale, so
 well adapted to the genius of romance, is taken from Virgil,
 where Aeneas plucking a bough of myrtle, sees from the first
 drops of blood trickling down. *Æn. iii. 61.*

Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood;

The tears distil not from the wounded wood;

Oh fly from this unhospitable shore,

Warn'd by my fate, for I am Polydore, &c.

See the whole story, beginning of *Æn. iii.*

Ariosto has copy'd the above tale from Virgil. Orlando Fur.
 C. vi. and other poets tell the same sort of stories as Ovid's Met.
 viii. 761. Tasso, C. xiii. 41, with which the reader may com-
 pare

Oh! spare with guilty hands to tear my fides
 Inclos'd in this rough rind, but hence in haste
 This moment flee, lest my mischance ye share;
 Not only mine, but her's, my dearest love, 161
 Oh! too dear love, love bought with death too
 dear!

Whereto the Knight reply'd, in great surprize,
 What ghost intreats me clemency to shew?
 No ghost, said he, now speaks, but once a man,
 Tho' now a tree, Fradubio was my name, 166
 Until a curled witch me thus transform'd
 And fix'd upon this plain, where Boreas blows
 In all his pow'r, and where the scorching sun
 Drinks up my veins; for tho' a tree I seem, 170
 Yet cold and heat alternate I endure.

Speak quickly then, said the astonished Knight,
 By whose sad wiles thou thus transformed art?
 For oft he finds a cure who tells his grief;

pure Dante-Inferno, Canto xiii. And Shakespear's Prospero
 tells Ariel, that he found him confined by the witch Sycorax

Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years.—

V. 174. *For oft he finds a cure who tells his grief.*

—Apt words have power to 'swage

The tumults of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Milton's Samp. Ag.

But

But double griefs afflict concealing minds, 175
 As those that strive to stop the rapid flame;
 To whom Fradubio, My cause of woe
 Dueffa is, a forceress most vile,
 Who many knights to wretchedness hath brought:
 In prime of youth this lady I admir'd 180
 (A lady now no more but seeming tree)
 With whom as once I rode, a Knight we met
 By whose false side the wicked Duefs' sat,
 Her feigned beauty to defend he sought,
 While this, my love, shone like the morning star:
 And strait in arms we met, he too soon felt 186
 My spear's dread force, his lady was my prize.
 So doubly lov'd of ladies, far unlike,
 One seeming fair, the other fair indeed,
 (Oh how divinely fair!) in doubt I sought 190
 (In foolish doubt) their beauties to compare;
 A rosy garland was the victor's meed,

V. 178. *Dueffa is, a forceress most vile.*] By her sorceries were all nations deceived, and in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints. Rev. xviii.

V. 179. *Who many knights to wretchedness hath brought:*] The woman [Dueffa] was drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs. Rev. xvii. 6.

V. 181. *A lady now no more but seeming tree.*] Thus in the Seven Champions, P. i. C. iv. Eglantine, the King's daughter of Theffaly, is transformed into a mulberry-tree, St. Dennis eats of the fruit, and afterwards hears a voice from the tree.

Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won to be,
 So hard the contest: *Praxilla* was fair
 As fair could be, and so *Dueffa* seem'd:
 The false *Dueffa*, seeing doubts arise,
 Us'd all her hellish arts, and rais'd a mist
 That clouded all the day, and a dull blast
 Which breathing o'er *Praxilla*, dimm'd that face
 Where beauty long had triumph'd, and her mien
 Appear'd most horrid; then *Duels* seem'd fair
 Without compare, and thus imagin'd she cry'd,
 Shame to this wretch, whose borrow'd beauty now
 Flies as the shades before the face of day;
 Oh! leave her soon if ever valour warm'd
 Your noble breast, or if the power of love
 E'er kindled there a generous desire,
 If beauty ever found your ready aid,
 Oh! let her die, nor more deceive mankind:
 Blinded by that thick fog the witch o'erspread,
 I vainly thought her such as she describ'd,
 And fought to kill her: with dissembled fear
 My hand she held: displeas'd I turn'd away
 And left my love, whom now transform'd you see.
 Long time I thoughtless lov'd the false *Dueffa*,
 Nor knew her base, till, on a certain day

When

V. 216. *Non licet heribz, &c.* This vulgar notion of the annual penance of witches may be illustrated from *Edinns*, from whom Scot has the following translation in the *Discovery of Witchcraft*, page 90: "In Livonia, yearly, about the end

When witches went do penance for their crimes,
I chanc'd to see her in her proper form :
A filthy foul old woman she appear'd,
Most beastly to behold : instant I thought
To quit this vile deceiver ; but she knew

of December, & certain knave or devil warneth all the witches to come to a certain place, &c. The reader may consult the story of the beautiful youth Calisto and the witch Morgana, (sister of Alcina) in Boyardo Orlando Innamorato, L. ii. C. xii. and C. xiii. In Ariosto, the fairy Manto, who gave name to Mantua, (Virg. 2. 199.) says the fairies were changed every seventh day into snakes.

Cb'ogni settimo giorno ognuna e certa,

Che la sua forma in bisca s'converta.

Orl. Fur. xliii. 98.

And Milton (L. x. 572.) having mentioned the change of the devils into serpents, adds,

— Thus were they plagu'd

And worn with famine, long, and ceaseless life;

'Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,

Tearly enjoin'd (some say) to undergo

This annual humbling certain number'd days,

To dash their pride, and joy, for man reduc'd

And again, L. ii. 597.

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,

At certain revolutions all the damn'd

Are brought—

This vulgar notion seems to have taken its rise from the stories told of the periodical punishments, as well as respites of the infernal spirits; it is an Egyptian doctrine mentioned in Plato's Phædo, and finely introduced in Virgil's 6th Æneid; and by our poet in his Episode of the Gardens of Adonis.

My secret purpose, and when dreary night
 Had cast her leaden mantle o'er the world,
 Try'd magic herbs my senses to beguile,
 Then plav'd me by my wretched lover's side;
 Two seeming trees, our weary days we waste;
 No hope of succour till we are immerg'd
 In living water. To whom thus the Knight:
 Now will I haste to find that cheering spring,
 That shall restore your peace, and make you blest.
 No, said Fradubio, time must be our friend,
 Nor other help can we e'er hope to gain.

This was the false Dueffa, Fidefs call'd,
 Who all this while had heard the piteous tale,
 Which well she knew was truth: but the good
 Knight,
 With gen'rous pity fraught, bury'd the bough

V. 229. *In living water, &c.*] He would have given thee living water, John iv. 10. This restoration of Fradubio and Frailissa would have been compleated in some of the subsequent books, had the poet liv'd to have finished his poem.—These metamorphoses and restorations are frequent, not in Ovid only, but in romance writers. So Astolfo was transformed into a myrtle by the witch Alcina, and restored by the sage Melissa; and St. Dennis of France, in the Seven Champions, recovered a daughter of the king of Thessaly, who by enchantment had been changed into a mulberry-tree, as mentioned before. The reader will understand, that Fradubio means one in doubt and wavering, wanting faith; and Frailissa one of a weak and frail nature, and who are so perpetually liable to fraud and imposture, as persons of frail and wavering minds? it may be added, that the Knight, not being accompanied by Truth, could not perform this adventure, nor find the living well.

(Still

(Still bleeding) and with clay soon clos'd
 The wooden wound, that haply he might 'scape
 The guilt of blood : his Lady then he sought, 239
 But found her seeming dead with feign'd surprize
 As ignorant of what full well she knew :
 With busy care her speedily he rais'd,
 And kiss'd her oft to call back fleeting breath ;
 At last her eye-lids blue, and wav'ring fight
 With pale and deadly hue, she 'gan up-lift, 245
 Whilst he oft chear'd her with the kindest words,
 Proceeding from a heart which knew no guile.
 Soon as bright hope had shed her genial ray,
 And peace regain'd her empire in the breast,
 He set her on her steed, and forth they went, 250
 She bent on mischief, he on righteous deeds.

END of the SECOND CANTO.

(Still bleeding) and with clay soon clos'd
The wooden wound, that hardly he might escape
The gush of blood: his lady then he sought, and
But found her leaning dead with torn and purple
As ignorant of what fell with the lady
With busy care her blood he rais'd
And kiss'd her off to call back her precious breath
At last her eye-lids plac'd, and way was made
With pale and deadly hue, the gasp up-take
Whilst he off cheer'd her with the kindest words
Proceeding from a heart which knew no guile
Soon as bright hope had shed her genial ray,
And peace regain'd her empire in the breast
He set her on her feet, and torn the wound
She bent on mischief, but on righteous deeds

End of the Second Canto

SPENSER'S

FAIRY-QUEEN.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

Una seeks the Knight of the Red-cross.—Is defended by a Lion.—Comes to the House of Superstition.—Superstition described.—The Consternation occasioned by this Visit.—Kirk-rapine enters, and is slain by the Lion.—Una departs, and is overtaken by Archimago in the Shape of her Knight.—They meet Sans-Loys, and prepare for Battle.—Archimago is discovered, and Una taken Captive.

NOUGHT surely claims compassion's guardian care,

More than bright innocence o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And pitying Heav'n will still protect the just,
Tho' for a while deserted quite they seem.

D 4

Now

V. 1. *Nought surely claims, &c.*] Spencer usually begins his Canto with some moral reflection agreeable to his subject; so did

Now had forsaken Una, woful, wan, 5
 With sorrowing steps her truant lover sought,
 But sought in vain; till with fatigue o'erpow'r'd,
 She rested on the grass, far from the gaze
 Of the unthinking croud: her angel face
 Beam'd like the eye of Heav'n, exceeding bright,
 And made a sun-shine over all the shade: 11
 And as she sat and counted o'er her griefs,
 (A long detail!) behold a lion rush'd
 From out the wood, in eager haste for prey:
 Amaz'd at such a form, unseen till now 15
 By savage eyes, his furious mind soon chang'd:

did the two Italian poets before him, Berni in the Orlando Inn,
 and Ariosto in the Orl. Furios.

V. 10. *Beam'd like the eye of Heav'n, &c.*] Mundi Oculus,
 Ovid's Met. iv. 228. So Milton, v. 171.

Thou sun of this great world both eye and soul,
 So Shakespear, Rich. II. Act I.

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
 And King John, Act iv.

With taper light,
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garish.

V. 13. (*A long detail!*) &c.] The Knight being led astray
 by Falsehood, Una is protected by a lion. This Defender of
 the Faith, and of Una (or Truth) suggests the English
 king, or may primarily point to king Henry the Eighth, who
 first received the appellation of Defender of the Faith.

Gently

Gently he lick'd her hand, and seem'd to sooth
Her sorrowing heart: such force has injur'd Truth
To soften ev'n the most obdurate breast,
And teach a sympathy unfelt before.

Now when she long, in wond'ring fear, beheld
Such savage courtesy, she 'gan upbraid
Her only Lord, who left her thus forlorn;
And is there pity in a lion's heart,
She weeping cry'd; can he forget the rage
Which hunger kindles in his mighty breast?
And can my noble lion, and my Love,
Hate her who holds him dearer than her life?
A flood of tears quick stopp'd her further plaint,
Which softly eccho'd from the neighb'ring wood,
The kingly beast still ey'd the weeping fair,
Who rose to seek the object of her soul,
Nor would this faithful lion leave her side,
A guardian of her virtue, and a mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes dire;
He watch'd whene'er she slept, and when she wak'd,
With humble service to her will prepar'd,
His orders from her beaming eyes he took,
And seem'd to read her wish in ev'ry sigh.

Long thus she travell'd thro' the desarts wild,
At length a track she found under the foot
Of an old mountain; soon a maid she spied

Returning

Returning with her pitcher from the stream,
 Of whom she ask'd if dwelling place was nigh,
 But the rude wench nought answer'd, nor indeed
 Could she ought hear, or speak, or understand,
 Till seeing by her side the lion walk
 Her pitcher she threw down, and instant fled
 On wings of fear; for never had she seen
 Such brightness in that land, nor could endure
 The lady's beauty, or the lion's face;
 Full fast she fled, nor ever look'd behind,
 As if her life upon the wager lay,
 And home she came, where her blind mother sat
 Wrapt in eternal night; speechless and pale
 Trembling throughout with fear, she held her
 fast.
 The mother cold and ghastly with dismay,
 Shut close the door, when weary Una came
 And ask'd admittance, which her furious page
 With speed obtain'd, for his rude claws soon op'd
 The tottering wicket: almost dead with fear
 She found them both in darksome covert pent,
 Where the old woman pray'd both night and day,
 Nine hundred pater nosters, and three times

V. 43. *Returning with her pitcher, &c.* Rebecca came out with her pitcher on her shoulder, Gen. xxiv. 15. and 45. and the woman of Samaria, John iv. 7. and the same natural picture we have in Homer, Od. x. 121.

She to Astacia's silver streams came down.

Nine hundred aves were her daily task,
 And thrice each week in ashes did she sit,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrice three times she fasted: but her beads
 She now forgot, tho' Una strove to calm
 Her fears with graceful words and looks most fit:
 Such words, such looks, as must of course have
 charm'd

All but blind Superstition into peace,
 And as dark night drew on, she pray'd to rest:
 Her suit she gain'd thro' fear, and not thro' love, 75
 For Truth on Superstition ne'er prevail'd,
 Unless thro' slavish fear she ought obtain'd.
 Sad Una soon reclin'd in weary plight,
 And at her feet her guardian lion watch'd;
 But sleep, which flies the wretched, her forsook, 80
 Her absent knight fill'd up her ev'ry thought,
 And tears, and sighs, and groans, her bosom
 swell'd,

V. 74. *And as dark night, &c.* Forlorn Truth takes up
 her lodging with blind Devotion, whom the poet calls Corseca,
 i. e. *cui cecum est cor*, in allusion to St. Paul, Rom. i. 21,
 whose foolish heart was darkened; Eph. iv. 18. because of the
 blindness of her heart. — Abeffa is her daughter. The poet
 supposing that abbeys, monasteries, &c. were built and endowed
 through blind Devotion or Superstition, and the whole, with
 the slaughter of the church robber (Kirkraphe) by the lion,
 points at the dissolution of these religious orders by Henry the
 Eighth.

Now

The

The night too long appear'd, and oft the wish'd
The day would break, the shadows flee away.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,
Above the shining Cassiopeia's chair,
A violent knocking at the door was heard
Of one who bitterly exclaim'd and swore
For want of speedy entrance, since he had
A heavy load of thefts and mighty spoils;
A sturdy thief he was, who us'd to steal
From churches their attire, and poor men's due,
And would disrobe the saints, whilst careless folk,
Employ'd to watch them, slept; nor did the priests
And their habiliments escape his hand:
All that he could obtain he straightway brought
Unto the daughter of this woman blind,
Abeffa, daughter of Corseca slow,
With whom he wanton'd oft, and feasted her
With all the plenty which the land produc'd,
Nor did he spare her jewels or fine gold:
Tho' long he knock'd, none dar'd him entrance
give,
When straight he broke the door and enter'd fierce;
The fiercer lion soon o'ercame his rage,
And trod him to the earth; all human help
Was now in vain, his bleeding heart he ear,
And broke his bones in countless pieces small,
His body torn, the earth drank up his life.

Now

Now when broad day the world display'd, up rose
The virtuous Una and her guardian beast,
Her journey to pursue, if haply she
Might find her lord, whom she resolv'd to search
With pains surpassing the long wand'ring Greek,
That for his love, refused deity.

Soon as she went, the fearful pair came forth
From the dark cavern where they lay conceal'd,
But when they found their friend Kirkrapine slain,
Vengeful they tore their hair and beat their breasts,
Wishing that ev'ry curle of angry heav'n
Might fall on virtuous Una's sacred head.
But Una journey'd weeping, tho' unhurt
By Superstition's rage, and soon she met
One bent on speed, in mighty arms array'd,
Yet knight was not, but bad Archimago,
Who when he saw her champion by her side,
He turn'd beneath a hill, when she him spied,
And mark'd his shield, she took him for her knight,
Then quickly to him rode, and thus she plain'd:
Welcome my Lord, my light, and lamp of bliss,
For in your absence all my day was night,

V. 113. — *The long wand'ring Greek.*] Ulysses—his love, Penelope—refused deity, i. e. refused Calypso or immortality. So Chaucer, Rom. of the R. 5636.

And levin all humane
And purely live in diete.

Much

Much did I fear your favour I had lost,
 Which is the summit of my fairest hopes,
 Where have you wander'd thus to leave me long?
 What valiant deed but should give place to love?
 To whom the sycophant, in feigned guile;
 Far be it from your thoughts, as from my will,
 That I should e'er desert you, or disgrace
 That high profession I have long assum'd.
 Sooner shall nature cause eternal dearth
 Than I leave you (fair offspring of the skies) 135
 Yet was my absence needful, far from hence
 There dwelt a man (so had our host complain'd)
 Who oft in friendship's form allur'd the heart
 Which cloath'd with innocence suspects no guile,
 But never more shall he exert his pow'r, 145
 This arm soon sent him to the guilty dead.

These charming words soon caught fair Una's
 ear,
 She could no more upbraid, nor ought reply,
 Far more than double recompence they seem'd
 For all her pains, one hour of virtuous love, 150
 For many years of sorrow can dispense:

N. 150. For all her pains, &c.] The beauties of these few lines must be obvious to every intelligent reader, particularly

True love has no pow'r
 To look behind, &c.

Her

All her afflictions now are quite forgot,
Of past she speaks not; true love has no pow'r
To look behind, his eyes are fix'd before;
Sufficient for her that her Lord is come
Secure from harms, with glorious conquest crown'd.

As when the beaten weary mariner,
That long has wander'd in the ocean wide,
In swelling Tethys' salt rear often dipt
His tawny hide long rann'd by the fierce breath
Of angry Heaven and by scorching suns;
Soon as he spies the port his heart rebounds,
He whistles merrily, and Nereus crowns
With cheerful cups, then to his mates he drinks,
Drinks sweet oblivion to his former toils;
So Una joy'd when her true Knight she found,
And the malicious traitor seem'd well pleas'd,
As when the anxious merchant sees his ship
Rich laden with the wealth of either Ind
Arrive in harbour after many a storm.

So on they went, and she her late distress
And the strange kindness of the lion told;
Soon they espoy'd one hasting them to meet,
So fast he rode, spurring his fiery steed,
That the chaf'd beast in anger ear the steel,
Stern was his look, and on his brow sat pride,
Sans-Loy, his name, in bloody lines was grav'd,

And

And his bad heart with cruelty o'erflow'd:
 Soon as he saw the cross the Knight adorn,
 (For Knight he seem'd to ev'ry human eye)
 He burn'd in rage his brother to avenge,
 The bold Sans-Foy, whom the true Red-cross
 Knight

Of life bereav'd; but th'Impostor fear'd
 The untry'd steel, tho' Una chear'd him oft,
 At last 'twixt fear and shame he met his foe,
 Who forward came so fierce and full of wrath;
 He pierc'd his shield and had his staggering steed
 Not shrunk thro' fear, his shield and body both:
 He would have enter'd: such his mighty force,
 It instant threw him bleeding to the ground;
 Then Sans-Loy quick dismounting to him ran
 The last revenge to take, and proudly said,
 Behold thy just reward who slew Sans-Foy,
 Peaceful, henceforth his now repining ghost
 May pass o'er Lethe's lake, all hell appeas'd
 By mourning altars purg'd with traitor's blood:
 Life from Sans-Foy thou took'st, Sans-Loy from
 thee:

With speed his helmet he unlac'd, whilst Una,
 Who all this while the battle had beheld
 With anxious heart, cried loud, Oh dearest Sir,
 Whoe'er you be, oh hold your heavy hand,
 Enough it is your foe is vanquish'd quite,
 Now

Now at your mercy, mercy he'er refuse;
 For he is sure the truest Knight alive,
 And oft has conquer'd in the bloody field;
 Tho' fortune now has left him in your power,
 Her words he heard not, but again rent up
 His helmet, when behold the hoary head
 Of old Archimago, whom well he knew
 In charms and magic to have wondrous power;
 But ne'er in lists to fight, or bloody fields;
 To whom Sans-Loy, What hard mishap is this?
 Why, luckless sire, should thou mine anger taste?
 Sure thinke the error is, or mine, the fault;
 Instead of foe, to wound my friend unknown?
 He answer'd not, but lay as in a trance;
 Whilst on his guilty eyes death heavy sat.

Him Sans-Loy left, and to fair Una ran,
 Who all this while was in amazement lost;
 That ought could so resemble her lov'd lord:
 Yet he is absent and such danger near,
 What shall she do? Nor flight can ought avail,
 Or pray'rs that never pierce the cruel breast;
 For fierce Sans-Loy soon caught the beauteous
 prize;

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E

And

V. 230. *For fierce Sans-Loy, &c.*] As Truth was in a very unsettled state during the reign of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, so, after their deaths, she was left entirely in the will and power of the lawless conqueror (Sans-Loy)—her redemption

And on his swift-pac'd steed triumphant plac'd
 Her faithful lion too assay'd in vain
 To rescue her from such tyrannic sway;
 For this bad man was bold and full of strength
 As any knight that ever wielded spear,
 His spear he lodg'd in the fierce lion's heart,
 Who roar'd aloud with thrilling death-oppress,
 Yet at a distance follow'd, nor ought fear'd
 To be partaker of her wandering woe;
 More human than her beastly ravager,
 He quickly bore her off, tho' much she mourn'd,
 And begg'd release, in words that might have riv'n
 A stony breast; her plaint he heeded not,
 But, fraught with rage, in cursed boar he hies.

redemption therefore is very properly reserved for the prince who fights under the auspices of the Fairy Queen.—This delightful poem is (what Spenser terms it in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh) "one continued allegory" with historic allusions to his country.

END of the THIRD CANTO.

SPEN-

S P E N S E R ' S

FAIRY-QUEEN.

BOOK I. CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight of the Red-cross and Duessa arrive at the House of Pride—Description of Pride, her Palace, Idleness, Gluttony, Passion, Avarice, Envy, Wrath, and Sottery, her Attendants.—Sans-joy arrives there to revenge his Brother's Death.—The Red-cross Knight agrees to combat him on the Morrow.

Y E valiant youths that seek for virtuous fame,
Noble pursuit and worthy of the soul,
Oh hearken to the Muse, whilst thus she sings,
Of Fraud and sad inconstancy beware,
In choice and change of her ye love the best,

Her virtues with the loudest trump proclaim,
 Her frailties cover with the veil of love,
 If faults she has, deep hide them in your hearts,
 Nor let a murmuring whisper taint her fame.

Now had the virtuous Knight been long de-
 ceiv'd

10

By feign'd Fideles' (Dueffa rightly nam'd)
 And left chaste Una in ill-fated hour;
 Far forth he travell'd (Falsehood by his side,
 Oftimes mistook for Faith) at last they saw
 A stately palace, reaching up to Heav'n,
 Which seem'd the residence of some great prince.
 Thither Dueffa ask'd him to retire,
 For the long ling'ring day was almost spent.
 This towering fabrick, beauteous to behold,
 Spoke loud the fame of the great architect,
 The walls were high, but neither strong nor thick,
 And golden foil all over them display'd,
 That with their brightness they dismay'd the sky:

15

20

V. 23. *That with their brightness, &c.*] So Statius in the
 Description of the House of Mars,

Læditur adversum Phæbi iubar, ipsaque sedem

Lux timet, et dirus contristat sidera fulgor.

Theb. vii. 45.

solennique resurgens,
Territat.

Theb. vi. 666.

High

High lifted up were many lofty towers,
 The windows in the highest stile were wrought, 25
 And bowers delightful, and upon the top
 A golden dial told the fleeting hours:
 Here elegance with purest taste combin'd,
 Whate'er might strike the sense, or charm the soul;
 Yet all was semblance; for on nought but sand 30
 This building stood, and to the centre shook
 At every breath of Heav'n: the hinder parts,
 Which few beheld, were ruinous and old,
 But painted to delude: the portals wide
 Expanded to receive each stranger guest, 35
 And charge of them was to a porter given,
 Call'd Malvenu, who entrance ne'er refus'd,
 A broad high way led to this stately dome,
 And anxious crouds to see the queen repair'd;
 Among them also came this virtuous Knight, 40
 And Dueffa the fraudulent: each amaz'd
 At such o'erflowing wealth, surpassing far
 Whate'er of courts or Persia's pride was heard.

E 3

On

V. 30. *Yet all was semblance, &c.*] A man built his house on the sand, Matt. vii. 26.

V. 38. *A broad high way, &c.*] This is evidently taken from that well known passage, broad is the way that leads to destruction, &c.

The curious reader may compare the description here given of the house of Pride with the house of Alcina, in *Orland Fur.* vi. 39, and with the house of Fame in Chaucer.

V. 43. *Whate'er of courts, &c.*] See the description of the Persian princess in Heliodorus, l. vii. p. 347.

The

On a rich throne, as bright as mid-day sun,
 There sat a royal maiden cloath'd in gold, 45
 Her peerless jewels shone like Titan's rays,
 Yet did her beauty oft assay to dim
 Th' amazing splendor of her glorious throne,
 As envying herself, that with such lustre
 Exceeding shone like Phœbus' fairest child, 50
 Who did presume to guide his father's wain,
 And steeds unwonted wild, with flaming mouths,
 Through highest Heav'n; when of such honours
 proud,
 The flashing beams dazzling his feeble eye,
 He leaves the welkin way; his wheels inflame 55
 The skies, with fire not made to burn, but shine.
 So shone this peerless queen in royal state,
 And look'd to Heav'n, for earth she quite ab-
 horr'd.
 Beneath her scornful feet a dragon lay,
 With hideous train, and in her hand she wav'd 60
 A flatt'ring mirror, where she often view'd

The Persian monarch also was attended by seven great officers of state, after the destruction of Smerdis the Mage. See Herod., B. 3. So in Ezra, vii. 12, "For as much as thou art sent of the king and of his seven counsellors." So also Esther is 14. "The seven princes of Persia and Media, which saw the king's face, and sat the first in the kingdom."

V. 50. *Exceeding shone, &c.*] Spenser had just before compared Pride to Titan, or the sun; correcting himself, he adds, or rather to Phaeton, the sun's false representative.

Her

Can. IV. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN. 55

Her lovely face, in which the graces seem'd
To hold their empire; yet 'twas fiction all.

Her worthless generation who can tell?
Of griev'd Pluto she the daughter was,
And Proserpina, queen of hell, her dam;
Yet did her pride assume to call on Jove,
That thunders loud and wields the world on high,
As on her Father; or if any else
High Jove excell'd, for to the high'st she soar'd,
Or if 'ought higher were to that aspir'd:
Her name on earth was proud Lucifera,
A queen she seem'd, yet royalty had none,
By tyranny she rul'd, and not by law,
And six bad counsellors her throne upheld.

Soon as the Knight and Dueſſa arriv'd,
Usher'd by Vanity they prostrate fell
At her high throne, professing loyalty:
With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She bow'd disdainful, nor more grace vouchsaf'd:
Mean while her courtiers sought to catch their
hearts,

V. 70. *High Jove excell'd, for to the high'st she soar'd,*

— Lifted up on high
I 'dain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest.

Par. Lost, iv. 49.

With all the pomp of dress, each envying each,
 For Dueffa they knew, and with the Knight
 Wish'd to increase their numbers, but in vain :

Their tinsel outshines sparkled not to him,
 Their queen he thought too proud, nor ought ad-
 mir'd.

Then suddenly arose the royal dame,

Her slaves attend, and quick her coach prepare,

Lo ! forth she comes, her brightness blazing high,

As fair Aurora in her purple pall,

Forth from the east to call the dawning day :

Lo forth she comes ! the thronging multitude

Annoy each other, eager to behold

Such blaze of glory, which attracts all hearts,

Save those who venerate fair Virtue's form.

Lo forth she comes, and to her coach ascends,

In gold and garlands sumptuously array'd,

As fresh she seem'd as Flora in her prime,

And wish'd to excel great Juno's golden chair,

Which gods behold as she triumphant rides

V. 87. *Then suddenly arose, &c.*] The procession of Lu-
 cifer is Persian. Xenophon describes the majestic pomp of
 Cyrus when he march'd in procession from his palace : Hero-
 dotus gives the same magnificent account of Xerxes : Arrian
 and Curtius of Darius.

V. 99. *And wish'd to excel, &c.*] The chair or chariot of
 Juno was famous among the poets : See Virgil i. 47. Ho-
 mer describes it chiefly of gold.

To Jove's high house, thro' Heav'n's brasi-pav'd
way,

Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
Their glitt'ring tails o'erspread with Argus' eyes:

But this her coach by six unequal beasts
Was drawn, on which her counsellors did ride, 105

The guide was Idleness, the nurse of sin,
Upon a slothful ass by choice he went,

In black array'd, a holy monk he seem'd,
His prayer book in his hand was little ready,

For of devotion he ne'er heeded ought, 110
His heavy head he scarcely could uphold,

Nor knew nor cared whether 'twas day or night;

V. 101. ——— *Heav'n's brasi-pav'd way,*] Milton calls it
star-paved, iv. 976, in allusion to the milky way which
leads to Jove's high house, according to Ovid i. 169.

Est via sublimis — laeta nomen habet —

Hac iter est superis ad magni tella Tonantis.

V. 102. Drawn of fair peacocks —

Habili Saturnia curru

Ingrreditur liquidum paventibus aëra pictis.

Ovid Met. i. 722. ii. 530.

Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,

Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes,

The eyes of Argus. ——— Addison.

V. 105. The moral allegory hints at the seven deadly sins, as
they are called. The chief of all is Pride, and she with her six
counsellors make up the number.

V. 106. ——— *The nurse of sin,*] So Chaucer in the second
Nonnes Prologue, v. i. p. 115.

The minister and norice unto vices.

Such

Such guidance could produce no good effect:
 Each prudent care he shunn'd, and manly toil,
 And ev'ry work for contemplation scorn'd,
 But Riot mark'd his life, and passion's sway
 Had spread a burning fever thro' his veins.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
 With luxury fill'd, his eyes with fatness swell'd,
 Beastly he seem'd, and hated was by all:
 In green vine leaves for coolness he was clad,
 An ivy garland totter'd on his brow,
 From whence the sweat fast trickled, still he eat,
 And in his hand a boozing can he bore,
 Of which he drank so oft he scarce could ride:

Inter-

V. 118. *And by his side, &c.*] Gluttony is here introduced as a person resembling the old drunken god Silenus—with luxury fill'd—

Inflatum besterno venas, ut semper, Jacebo.

V. 124. An ivy garland tottered on his brow—Virgil supposes this garland just fallen off while he slept,

Serica praeul tantum capiti delassa jacebant.

V. 125. The boozing can is his never failing companion.

V. 126. *Of which he drank, &c.*] This is exactly old Silenus's picture in Ovid's Met. iv. 26.

Quique senex ferula titubantes ebrinus artus

Sustinet, et pando non fortiter haeret [asella.]

Excepting that Gluttony rides on a swine.

His eyes with fatness swell'd is apparently taken from David's Pl. lxxii. 7. Their eyes stand out with fatness.

Intemperance fill'd him with each dire disease,
That more he seem'd a monster than a man.

And next to him rode lawless Appetite,
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair
And whally eyes (emblem of jealousy)
Seem'd like his rider chastity to scorn:
Nor could he ever please the virtuous fair,
His falsehood and his follies still he strove
To hide beneath a robe of beauteous green,
And in his hand a burning heart he held,
Fill'd with incentives to allure the mind,
His chief delight was to delude the fair,
Whilst wedlock's holy chains with rage he spurn'd;
Yet did inconstancy destroy his peace
And Sin's dire wages tortur'd all his frame.

Next greedy Avarice nodding o'er his gold,

V. 129. *And next to him rode, &c.*] Chaucer's Court of Love, v. 1058.

And there beside, within a bay window
Stood one in grene ful large of bredth and length,
His berd was black as fethirs of a crow,
His name was Lust.

V. 142. *Next greedy Avarice, &c.*] Avarice is thus described in Pierce Plowman, fol. 23.

And then came Covetis, can I him not describe,
So hungerly and hollowe, so sternely he looked;
He was little browed, and haberypped also,
Wyth two blered eyen

The reader may see a more full description in Rom. of the Rose, v. 180.

With

With watchings worn, upon a camel came,
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,
 With precious metal to the top up-heap'd, 145
 And in his lap another heap he held;
 Gold was his god and usury his trade,
 All sense of right and wrong he quite forgot,
 For he had sold himself to Vice for wealth.
 Tho' he was verging on death's awful brink? 150
 Nor ever tasted ought that life affords,
 Of sweet or pleasant, or of social kind,
 No friend or relative to share his stores,
 He led a wretched life, worn out with fear,
 His wealth was want, his plenty made him poor.
 Fell Envy next appear'd upon a wolf, 156
 Between

V. 155. — *His plenty made him poor.*] Ovid, Met. iii. 466.

Inopem me copia fecit.

V. 156. *Fell Envy next appear'd, &c.*] The courtly Sidney thus beautifully speaks of Envy, "Whose eyes could
 "not looke right upon any happy man; nor eares beare the
 "burthen of any bodies praise; contrary to the natures of
 "all other plagues, plagued with others well being, making
 "happinesse the ground of his unhappinesse, and good news the
 "argument of his sorrow: in summe, a man whose favour no
 "man could winne, but by being miserable." Arcad. L. ii. p. 130.

And Chaucer in the Rom. of the Rose, p. 217.

Envy that never lough

But if she either saw or heard

Some great mischaunce, or great disease.

And

Between his canker'd teeth a toad he chew'd,
His venomous mouth with poison all distain'd,
Sad at his neighbour's wealth, he wept for want
Of others woe, but joy'd at thought of harm.
His clothes discolor'd, painted full of eyes,
And serpents made his bosom their abode,
Evil was all his good, he grudg'd the cheer
Of his compeers, and gnash'd his angry teeth
At the ill-gotten gold which Avarice had;
He hated all good works, and virtuous deeds,
Accus'd their authors, and the motives too,
Nor could the muse's lyre attune his mind.

Besides him next, upon a lion fierce,
(Fit emblem of his rider) vengeful Wrath;

And Ovid very prettily,

Vixque tenet lacrymas; quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Met. ii. 796.

V. 161. *His clothes discolor'd, &c.* Pierce Plowman, fol. xxi. 2. thus describes Envy,

— As pale as a pellet in the palsey he femed,
And clothed with caurymaury, I can it not describe,
In kyriel and curtepy, and a knife by his side—

And Virgil paints the monster Fame full of eyes, and ears, and tongues.

V. 170. — *Vengeful Wrath.* The philosophers define Wrath, *Libido Ulciscendi*. See Cicero, Tusc. Disp. iii. 5. iv. 9. and Diogen. Laert. vii. 114.

See the picture of the Wrathful Man in Seneca de Ira, L. ii. C. 1. and L. ii. C. 35. See also Romaunt of the Rose, v. 147.

A burning

A burning torch he brandish'd round his head,
 His staring eyes shot fire, his face all pale,
 His trembling hand a murderous dagger held;
 His ragged raiment all distain'd with blood,
 His ruffian breast endured not controul, 175
 Nor recollected he what dire effects
 Attend ungovern'd passion's lawless sway:
 Yet num'rous mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
 Unnatural murder, and tumultuous strife,
 Abhorred bloodshed and inthrifty harm, 180
 The rusty knife of rancour, sad despite,
 And fretting grief the enemy of life;
 With raging phrenzies, spleens and palsies dire,
 And all the pangs infernal spirits feel.

Satan himself rode last, and drove the team, 185
 And lash'd it on, whenever ling'ring sloth
 A moment loiter'd on the dirty road.
 Huge routs of joyous people shouting ran,
 Whilst a thick fog conspired to dim their eyes;
 And hide the slaughter'd thousands on the plain,
 The votaries of vice, that late had bow'd 191
 At Pride's high throne, and own'd her sway su-
 preme.

So forth they march'd to taste the chearing air,
 And next Lucifera false Dues' rode,
 Not so the Red-cross Knight, at distance he 195
 Beheld their wanton sports all unapprov'd :

Fed with the pleasures of the balmy field;
 Home they return'd; where Sans-Joy just arriv'd,
 With fury fill'd (his brother lately slain,
 The bold Sans-Foy) he seem'd to harbour wrath
 And nourish vengeance in his bitter mind:
 But when he saw the Red-cross Knight (whose Page
 Bearing the shield of slain Sans-Foy, betray'd
 Who slew his brother) instantly he leap'd
 And snatch'd the warlike ensign, but the Knight
 Rescu'd the noble prey, and strait for war
 They both prepar'd, and shook their glittering
 swords,
 And clasp'd their shields: but the great queen
 forbade
 All war that day, upon eternal pain
 Of her displeasure, and the morrow fix'd
 To end the high dispute in equal lists:
 Then thus the infidel the queen address'd,
 Pardon his rashness, who, thro' grief o'erleaps
 The bounds of reason, shame to see this Knight
 (No knight but traitor of the foulest stamp)
 Who slew the bravest knight that ever fought,
 Even stout Sans-Foy, (Oh who can then refrain!)

V. 208. *And clasp'd their shields, &c.* It was a custom of the old warriors to strike their swords or spears against their shields; to this Milton alludes, b. i. 667,

— And fierce with grasped arms

Clasp'd on their sounding shields the din of war.

Whilst

Whilst he disdainful bears his flaming shield;
 And, to increase the victory, behold
 His dearest love, Fideffa, he detains 220
 In traiterous vassalage; he detains her now,
 But e'er tomorrow's noon, this vengeful arm
 (Your royal favour granted) shall requite
 That brother's death, and render blood for blood.
 Him shortly answer'd the true Red-cross Knight,
 He never meant to fight with words, but
 swords;
 And as a sacred pledge his gauntlet threw,
 Next morn by combat to decide the cause:
 The night they pass'd in joy and jollity,
 For Gluttony was steward of the feast, 230
 And pour'd profuseness round; when nature
 tir'd
 And worn out with excess, sought guilty rest,
 Then Sloth conducted them to beds of ease.
 Now when the coal-black curtains of old night
 Had cover'd brightest sky, the warlike youths 235
 In different rooms on downy couches laid,

V. 225. *Him shortly answer'd, &c.*] Spenser has it,
 Him little answer'd th' angry elfin knight.
 But this is certainly inconsistent with his character, as it was the
 Saracen that was angry and not the Red-cross Knight.

V. 236. *Now when the coal black curtains, &c.*] Night is
 here represented as a person: the poets describe her covering the

Can. IV. SPENSER'S FAIRY-QUEEN. 65

'Gan meditate fit means of victory,
 And false Dueffa rising from her bed 240
 To Sans-Joy comes in haste, whom thus she greets;
 Ah dear Sans-Joy, next dearest to Sans-Foy,
 Source of my hope, and cause of all my grief,
 His image, so late slain by wicked foe
 Revives my heart, Lo his Fideffa comes 245
 To seek your grace! to whom Sans-Joy in few,
 Say on the secret of thy labouring breast:
 Then she in sighs, since first my heart was pierc'd
 With love of him I mourn, I ne'er rejoic'd,
 But for his sake endured num'rous woes, 250
 At last, when I had fondly hop'd my joys
 Were ripening quick, then was my much lov'd
 lord

By this deceiver slain, unworthy he
 To wear his shield or hold Fideffa bound:
 Yet now the clouds disperse, and light appears, 255
 Under your beams I shall be safe from harm,
 To you the inheritance of right belongs,
 Let not your brother's ghost that vengeful calls
 From Stygian shores implore your aid in vain:
 Whereto Sans-Joy, fair lady nothing fear, 260

the face of nature with a black veil, so in other parts of this poem. And Chaucer in the Merch. Tale, 1314.

Night with hir mantill that is derk and rude
 Gan for to sprede the hemisphere about.

This valiant arm shall sacrifice his blood,
 And send his coward soul to darkeſt ſhades :
 Oh but I fear, ſaid ſhe, the fate of war,
 His arms and ſhield (they ſay) inchantment hold,
 Nor was he ever forc'd to quit the field ! 265
 Then thus the angry knight in haſte replied,
 His valorous feats you need not now rehearſe,
 But hence and reſt till morn, then ſhall his corpe
 Appeaſe your rage, the dowry of Sans-Foy
 Shall too be yours : Ah woe is me, ſhe cry'd, 270
 That is a double death, a ſorrow new,
 My proud foe's fight my troubles muſt increaſe,
 Yet ſhall my ſecret aid ſtill follow you.—
 Obedient ſhe retir'd, nor more reply'd.



END of the FOURTH CANTO.

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